

## Our Boys and Girls

Edited by  
AUNT BUSY

## ONE, TWO, THREE.

It was an old, old, old, old lady.  
And a boy that was half-past three.  
And the way that they played together  
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go romping and jumping,  
And the boy, no more could he;  
For he was a thin little fellow,  
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the twilight sunlight,  
And under the maple tree,  
And the game that they played, I'll  
tell you,  
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek, they were  
playing,  
Though you'd never have known it  
to be.

With an old, old, old, old lady,  
And a boy with a twisted knee.  
Two boys could bend his face down  
To his little sound right knee,  
And he'd guess where she was hiding  
In a game called One, Two, Three.

You are in the china closet!  
He would cry, and laugh with glee,  
It wasn't in the china closet,  
But he still had Two and Three.

You are up in papa's big bed room,  
You little sound right knee,  
And she said: "You are warm and  
warm,  
But not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard  
Where mamma's things used to be—  
It must be in the clothes press,  
Granma."

Then she covered her face with her  
fingers,  
That were wrinkled and white and  
red,  
And she guessed where the boy was  
hiding,  
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their  
places,  
Right under the maple tree—  
This old, old, old, old lady,  
And the boy with the lame little  
knee.

This dear, dear, dear old lady,  
And the boy who was half-past three.  
—H. C. Bunker.

## AUNT BUSY HAS HER SAY.

Dear Nieces and Nephews: Only a  
few days more remain of the busy  
vacation time, and Aunt Busy's dear  
children will return to school with  
renewed strength, health and ambition,  
let all the young people form resolu-  
tions to spend the next vacation with  
happily spent and the year's good study  
will be of great value.

Aunt Busy does not want to preach,  
but only wants to remind her dear  
young folks that they must prepare  
now for the hardest school of all—the  
world.

The life that can be filled with life's  
sluggishness or life's successes. God  
grant that the lives of all of Aunt  
Busy's dear children will be filled with  
happiness and success.

AUNT BUSY.

## LETTERS AND ANSWERS.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Aug. 22.  
Two Aunt Busy: Your absence from  
the city leaves your nieces and nephews  
like Rachel, "unwilling to be consoled  
because they think you are not."  
Knowing that you would like to hear  
from your dear nieces and nephews, I  
am writing you their correspondence. You  
can pick out those that you think are  
best. I hope you are enjoying your  
vacation. All your nieces and nephews  
commend the articles of old Aunt  
Busy, and are wishing you the best  
kind of a time. We all hope that the  
hot water of Castella Springs will  
change your bleached hair into jet  
black and remove from your venerable  
countenance the wrinkles of old age.  
I have been deputed by your nieces and  
nephews, also our grandmothers, to send  
all kinds of good wishes, love and kisses  
to you. My great ambition when I take  
you place for the next vacation, I  
will share in your musical inspira-  
tion, which has made you a reputation  
in Utah. Your loving and devoted  
niece,  
ROSE PERGOSSE.

Aunt Busy greatly appreciates the  
lovely letter from her little as-  
sistant, Rose Pergosse, who is a very  
talented little musician.

Thank you, dear, once more, for your  
loving good wishes.

Keam's St. Ann's Orphanage,  
Salt Lake City, Utah, Aug. 21, 1903.

Dear Aunt Busy: I know you will be  
pleased to hear about our trip to Cal-  
der's park. Well, I am going to tell  
you about it. We got to the park about  
half past seven. Then we all walked  
about to see the pond, the beautiful  
white ducks, the dancing hall and sev-  
eral other things. Then one of the kind  
gentlemen gave us a free ride on the  
merry-go-round. I had several rides  
on it. Then we had a picnic. We had  
sandwiches, cake, ice cream and lemon-  
ade. After dinner we went over to the  
dancing hall and played on the piano  
and had lots of fun. After 4 o'clock we  
went to the theatre. It was just lovely.  
The gentleman that was acting asked  
for the loan of a hat. Bishop kindly  
lent him his hat. He took it on the  
stage and said he was going to make  
money in it. That was the end of the  
show. Then he put it on a table and put  
his hand into it and brought out a pair  
of stockings and lots of other things. He  
next unrolled paper which we thought  
it fell from the little stick and saw  
diamonds. Then came a large, handsome  
chick and last two tomato cans. Then he  
said he was through with his hat. He  
put the paper back into the hat, but  
"not as neat as Bishop had it."  
He took the hat down to Bishop and  
after handing it to him a rabbit jumped  
out, which astonished the Bishop. Well,  
we laughed till we almost cried. The  
man caught money in the air and put it  
in the hat, but did not leave it there,  
which caused some regret to the owner  
of the hat.

Then Father Guinan, Father Harding  
and Father Peter came out to the park.  
Our great sorrow, Father Kiley, was  
not there. Bishop bought some tickets  
and let some of the children go on the  
merry-go-round again. Father Guinan  
and Father Harding gave them money  
to spend. Then it was supper time. We  
had lots of nice things to eat. After  
supper we got a treat to candy. After  
we got our candy we got on the cars  
and had a nice ride. When we got  
home we went to bed and had a con-  
fession, praying for Miss Gleson, who  
traveled to the park. I remain, your  
loving niece,  
ALICE TOWNLEY.

A very interesting account of your  
delightful day at Calder's. Alice, Aunt  
Busy enjoyed reading your interesting  
letter. Rt. Rev. Bishop felt very re-  
sponded when the dear young people had  
such an enjoyable time.

Keam's St. Ann's Orphanage,  
Salt Lake City, Utah, Aug. 19.

Dear Aunt Busy: We went out to  
Calder's park yesterday and we had a  
nice time. We had sandwiches, ice  
cream, candy and lemonade, and we  
went on the merry-go-round and en-  
joyed it very much.

I will close for this time. I am your  
loving niece,  
EDDIE McCALLUM.

Aunt Busy gladly welcomes her new  
nephew, Eddie McCallum. She is very  
pleased to know you had such a pleas-

ant day at Calder's. Ask your sweet  
little sisters to write to Aunt Busy,  
Eddie.

## Trained for the Part.

It often happens that tricks of the  
simplest kind arouse the wonder and  
curiosity of a public gathering more  
than the most wonderful and delicate  
mechanical effects. An American play-  
er tells in Collier's Weekly of in-  
troducing a cat on the stage, and of  
the way in which she was trained to  
play her part.

The whole scene, says the manager,  
excited interest, but the cat created  
more talk and wonder than any other  
actor, because everyone is familiar  
with the habits of cats, and knows how  
difficult it is to teach one to perform  
even the simplest trick.

Every night at a certain point this  
cat came on to the stage, walked across  
to the fireplace, stretched herself and  
then lay down in front of the blazing  
hearth, for we burned "real fire" in a  
stage fire, and the scene more real-  
istic and natural.

The cat did her part so easily and  
naturally that she frequently got a  
round of applause, and it always hap-  
pened that before we had played three  
nights in a row the most popular  
topic of conversation was: "How did  
they ever train that cat to come on the  
stage, stretch herself and lie down in  
front of the fire?"

Night after night the cat took her  
cue and went through her little act to  
the wonder and delight of all beholders.  
It really seemed like a remarkable per-  
formance on her part, but, after all,  
her education was a very simple matter.  
A few minutes before it was time for  
her to go on we used to put her into  
a basket just large enough to hold her,  
and then we carried her to the stage and  
left her in a cool place in the cellar.  
At the proper time she was brought  
upstairs and released at the entrance  
to the stage, where she walked across  
the stage, and when she got to where  
the fire was burning, and when she got  
except to stretch herself as a measure  
of relief after her cramped position in  
the basket, and then lie down in front  
of the warmth of the blazing fire. The fact  
is, it would have been very difficult in-  
deed to train her to do anything else  
in the circumstances.

## Size of the Ocean.

Most men seem to be as ignorant  
about the size of the sea as they are of  
the distance between the heavenly  
bodies. Invention gives a few interest-  
ing facts: The Pacific covers 68,000,000

miles, the Atlantic 30,000,000, and the  
Indian ocean, Arctic and Antarctic 42-  
000,000. To stow away the contents of  
the Pacific it would be necessary to fill  
a tank one mile long, one mile wide  
and one mile deep every day for 400  
years. Put in figures, the Pacific holds  
in weight 334,000,000,000,000,000 tons.  
The Atlantic averages a depth of not  
quite three miles. Its waters weight  
325,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

## Irish Lore Regarding Fairies.

You have no doubt often heard and  
read of the fairies of Ireland, but I  
wonder how many of you know what  
is the belief of the peasantry regarding  
them.

"The Good People," as the fairies are  
affectionately called, are supposed by  
many to have been bright and shining  
angels, but when Lucifer raised the  
standard of revolt in heaven they took  
no part in the tremendous conflict.  
While blessed Michael and his hosts  
were fighting the rebellious hordes and  
expelling them from paradise, they re-  
mained inactive. It is said that the poor  
creatures were so dazed by the awful  
battle that they were quite helpless. As  
a punishment they were banished from  
heaven, but allowed to dwell on the earth  
and to select the place of their abode.  
And so they finally selected  
Ireland as the most suitable habitation  
next to heaven.

If you ever within sight of Slieve-  
nau-moon, where the fairies hold high  
revel, you may hear the most wonderful  
stories of their doings. You will be  
told that often the sound of the fiddle  
and the patter of their tiny feet are  
heard as they dance in the moonlight,  
and I was assured that the people about  
that locality have a great affection for  
the fairies. But I found that this af-  
fection was mixed with a whole-  
some fear of their pranks, for they are  
said to delight in confusing people who  
are too inquisitive as to their doings.

A remarkable old lady in snowy ker-  
chief told me some surprising things  
about Brian Connor, who she said  
was the king of the fairies about Slieve-  
nau-moon. Brian did not like Father  
Caddy, the parish priest, who had no  
patience with the neighborhood stories,  
and the old lady declared that was the  
reason the priest's horse went lame and  
couldn't carry him to Matt McCabe's  
funeral. And when the good father's  
housekeeper went off and married the  
blind piper, she was another victim of  
Brian's displeasure. She assured me  
that she never looked the door of her  
little cottage and that she often heard  
the good people coming in and going  
out at night after midnight. Her  
milk and cream never soured during  
the thunderstorm, and her potatoes  
were the finest grown in any part of  
the country. All this was due, so she  
declared, to the influence of the fairies.  
Nothing I could say to her about the  
faith in the "good people," and when I  
bade her goodbye she bade me God-  
speed and wished the fairies would do  
me no harm.

## Conversations of Our Club

By Orestes H. Brownson.

## "CONVERSATION X.—(Continued.)

"Father John must not be too hard  
upon parents," said Diefenbach;  
"the majority of these parents are  
from countries where Catholic colleges  
hardly breathe, and are no judges of  
what they should be."

"All that is true," replied Fa-  
ther John, "but colleges can never run  
far in advance, in secular knowledge  
and training, of the intelligence and  
habits of the community for which  
they are intended. It is not clear-  
ly, however, organized, can do with a mass  
of boys, sons of ignorant, sometimes  
vicious parents, who are acquainted  
with all the vice and crime of our  
large cities, and have never received  
any proper training at home. With  
such boys it would not be easy to  
form the students of a college into a  
miniature republic, and leave them to  
govern themselves by the error of  
G. E. articles of error they have, in  
laying the faults they point out too  
exclusively to the manner in which the  
college is organized and conducted.  
In such a Catholic public as we have  
in this country, I see not clearly  
how we could have had colleges much  
different from or superior to those we  
have."

"G. E.," said Winslow, "deserves  
condemnation for supposing his views cor-  
rect, for having published his articles.  
Our schools and colleges are a family  
affair, and we should settle our dis-  
putes respecting them without calling  
the public to listen.

"I think not so," replied Father  
John. "In what relates to ecclesiastical  
schools, or ecclesiastical administra-  
tion, whether in great or little matters,  
the public opinion is out of place. The  
public can take no part in it. But I  
distinguish between colleges for  
seculars and the church, and the au-  
thority of bishops and pastors in spiri-  
tual matters. The secular colleges are  
for the general of our order, but I dis-  
tinguish between him and the pope, and I  
can well believe that, residing as he  
does at Rome, with no personal knowl-  
edge of the country, he is a poor judge  
of what sort of education is need-  
ed here, or of the system of college  
government and discipline best fitted to  
train our boys to live and take their  
part in our society. The secular col-  
leges are for the general of our order,  
whether performed by laymen or by  
ecclesiastics. In all secular matters,  
in a country like ours, public opinion  
has the right to interpose, and it is  
important that it be enlightened and  
sound. F. G. has provoked discussion  
on the subject, and in so doing has  
done the Catholic public good service.  
Discussion will tend to form a sound  
public opinion, and will, in the long  
run, will enlighten the colleges them-  
selves as to what is demanded of them,  
and both hasten and facilitate the  
changes they must see as necessary to  
meet the just expectations of the Cath-  
olic public. The hush-up policy Mr.  
Winslow recommends, comports nei-  
ther with our age nor our country, and  
would tend to retard rather than to  
advance the interests of religion  
among us. There is with non-Catholics  
a very general persuasion that we are  
not frank, open, candid, honest—that  
we trim and practice concealment. We  
must, at almost any risk, labor to re-  
move this false persuasion and gain  
public confidence in our honesty and  
truthfulness. We have to look out for  
the interests of religion in our own  
country, not in France and Italy, and  
to deal with sharp-witted, yet bold and  
manly Yankees, not with French and  
Italian fanatics, diplomatists, statesmen  
and politicians. Astuteness, craft and  
policy will not serve our turn, even  
if we were disposed to use them. Pub-  
licity is the order of the day in this  
country, and I confess I can see no  
harm in publicly discussing what, after  
all, is a public question, and which has  
been solved by the public. We live in a  
free country, not under a despotism, where  
free speech is a right, not where the  
press is gagged and a monarch is at  
our elbow, ready to whip us if we do  
not report it to the prefect de police,  
or the minister of the interior. We  
speak openly and aboveboard what we  
think and what we mean, and despite  
Italian astuteness and French diplom-  
acy, the fruits of despotism and tyr-  
anny. I wish Catholics to have a sound  
public opinion on secular education for  
seculars, and to understand that they  
are under no obligation to yield un-  
der the pressure of secular colleges, or  
authorities, because the college is gov-  
erned and conducted by spiritual per-  
sons. Spiritual persons filling secular  
offices have the authority of seculars  
in the eyes of the public, and are there-  
fore, in the eyes of the public, no more  
than the emperor of Austria. I owe him ob-  
edience only as pope, only when he ob-  
edience me as the vicar of Jesus Christ  
on earth. My pastor, my bishop, or the  
rector of a college has no authority by  
virtue of his spiritual character to yield  
to the secular colleges of God and vis-  
ible head of my church. The college for  
seculars, I maintain, is a secular, not  
an ecclesiastical institution, and as a  
secular institution I have a perfect  
right to discuss its merits and de-  
merits. I hold it bound to be  
just to it, and to treat our colleges  
fairly, and with respect. It is true,  
their results, thus far, do not satisfy  
me, but I believe their faculties are  
improving as fast as they are able,  
and as fast as a just prudence per-  
mits. I trust, too, that I may say as  
much of our conventual school for  
young ladies."

(To be Continued.)

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